

## THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.  
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### THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that the weather will be fair and warmer; southerly winds.

Perhaps when Maher gets the dust out of his eyes he will see the danger of his position.

The coroners will soon have a chance to sit on themselves, for the Legislature means to sit on them.

Secretary Herbert is pleading with the House Naval Committee for two more battle ships. Make it four.

Mr. Raines proudly points to his project of fifty inspectors of excise as a triumph of genius. It promises to kill his bill.

The ballot law is to be changed once, and the poor voters will be worse off than they were last year, which is useless.

Ex-Secretary Whitney's name is quickly on the lips of Southern Democrats when they are looking for a Presidential candidate.

Carnegie will use the cathode rays to test armor for flaws. The cathode rays of the press have served that purpose very well heretofore.

Uncle Sam has grown cautious, and no longer of the United States will no longer be used as sites for lager beer excursions.

Chili seems inclined to cause a little discord in the concert of American Republics. John Bull is pulling the wires, and Argentina will soon need protection.

The attempt to ignore the Democratic members in dealing with Greater New York matters was a conspicuous failure. Brer Lexow will not try it again.

Until the engineer service of the United States Navy is reinforced, the naval service will be dangerously weak in one of its most important branches.

Now that the President has "re-congressed" for asking for documents, Peffer will have a chance to fulminate again against the "insolence" of the President.

Purveyors for the free lunch trade do a business amounting to three-quarters of a million dollars yearly. Mr. Raines would sweep this away with one stroke of his devastating pen.

New York City should hasten to take a leaf out of the experience of Detroit, and inaugurate the three-cent fare. Brooklyn will be grateful, for the trolley demon will have to follow suit.

The public should insist on electric lighting for the "L" cars, and on punishment for the "L" officials if they persist in using bad or dangerous oil. That member of the Legislature who espoused Mr. George Gould's cause, so as to save that poverty stricken young man \$100,000, now wishes he hadn't.

### INSTEAD OF STRIKES, WHAT?

The most experienced labor leaders say that "strikes" are of no avail in settling such difficulties as those which exist between the working tailors and the practitioners of the sweating system. Some other method of fighting must be invented. There are a thousand ways of escape from the penalties imposed by workmen upon their employers as a means of ending a strike. Besides, the workmen have to do with a class of men who will not keep their word. Nine times out of ten the promises signed, sealed and delivered, as a means of getting the workmen back into the traces, are contemptuously tossed aside. Some of the contractors seem to take a pleasure in making promises and then breaking them, enjoying the confusion and suffering which must naturally ensue among the workmen.

What can be substituted for strikes? Apparently the action of a law which is adequate to hold men to their promises would do much. The law which enforces a money penalty would bring the sweaters to their senses quicker than anything else. It is said that "money talks," and it would talk to them in convincing accents. That is why Congressman Sulzer's bill now before Congress is so practical. It is a national bill, and the clothing industry is a national industry. Clothing for half the country is made here in New York. What no local regulation can accomplish; what no amount of hurried inspection such as the present course of inspectors is able to give, this law would effect.

In addition to this the public should be carefully instructed as to the danger it incurs from the sweating industry. There is hardly an article of the dress of man or woman that is not now made in sweating shops. If these articles are to carry disease broadcast through the land, who can consider himself safe? Much of the neglect of the "sweaters" is due to their ignorance

of the laws of cleanliness. They will scoff at everything except the money penalty. Let them have it, and see to it that it is roundly enforced.

When Chauncey suggested that Mr. Platt might possibly sing "Ben Bolt" at a public gathering next year, there was a twinkle of prophecy in his eye. Mr. Platt looks pained when the word "bolt" is mentioned in his hearing.

### ENGLAND GROWS TRACTABLE.

The present attitude of the English Cabinet to the United States in general, and to our Venezuela Commission in particular, is the best proof possible that President Cleveland's sturdy and vigorous assertion of robust Americanism has borne good fruit. In the mild-mannered gentlemen now uttering suave disclaimers of any intention to transgress the Monroe Doctrine, and of entire willingness to furnish the Commission with any information which they may possess, it is almost impossible to recognize the haughty personages who declared that the message of the President was an insult to England, and that the appointment of a Commission would never be recognized, even remotely, by an English Ministry.

The first flush of surprise is past, and it has occurred to the Englishmen that it is no more eccentric in the United States to be concerned about interference with the territory near the Orinoco and the Caribbean than it would be in England to worry because of foreign meddling on the shores of the North Sea. After reflection, too, the British Cabinet has agreed that it is always best to listen with respect to a message from America—not so much, as Lord Granville once said, because of the tone in which it is uttered as of the force behind it. And so the doughty warriors of the Conservative party, the terrible enunciators of that world-dominating policy before which we were expected to tremble and turn pale, have gracefully descended from their perches, and meet us on a level.

The wisdom of the President's course is completely justified. Without the faintest desire to contribute to a Jingo spirit, without any wish to assume for the United States an authority to which they are not entitled, the reassertion by the Chief Magistrate of the nation of the Monroe Doctrine as a cardinal point of our policy, applicable to aggressions in South or Central America to-day quite as much as it was seventy-three years ago, is a triumphant success. Who hears now of refusals to recognize the Doctrine because it is not codified as international law? Who ventures to talk of assembling a Congress of the European Powers, to discipline the great Republic of the West, because she dares to assert her policy like other nations?

To-day we see the practical leader of one English party counselling speedy acceptance of the arbitration which America advised, while the proud head of the other party proclaims that he never dreamed of laying sacrilegious hands upon the Monroe Doctrine. And the bellicose and energetic pusher of Imperial Federation—he who sings defiance to the Emperor of Germany, and would not hesitate to cross swords with France—that Chamberlain who counselled the use of Maxim guns on the borders of Venezuela without waiting to ask what we thought about it—is all for peace and arbitration. A change has come over the spirit of his dream. It never would have come without the patriotic and eloquent voicing of American sentiment by President Cleveland. This new attitude imposes additional duties upon the able and distinguished gentlemen who compose the Venezuela Commission. It should inspire them to diligence in hastening the final settlement of an important question so that it may give to the two kindred nations continued "peace with honor."

At a good roads hearing at Albany the other day it was demonstrated that New York is far behind many other States in perfected thoroughfares. But if she keeps pace with the wheelmen and wheelwomen she will soon catch up.

### NEWSPAPERS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Although tardy, the acknowledgment of the teachers that newspapers are educators is commendable. This is not so much a discovery as an awakening. All the world, except the teachers, recognized this fact when steam presses were invented. Every new invention increasing the facilities and decreasing the cost of newspapers has been a confirmation of the fact that the real promoter of popular education—the engine of civilization—is the press. A man who reads the newspapers carefully must become not only an intelligent, but a cultivated and even a good man. The teachers are the last ones to discover that dead languages are not so interesting to a live American boy as the daily history of the stupendous enterprises of this giant young nation of seventy millions of people, pursuing the arts of peace in a part of the world unknown at the time those dead languages were spoken. The Coliseum was a magnificent building, but why not tell a boy of the modern structures of steel and stone which a Roman architect could not have imagined possible? Then there are our industrial enterprises, our ships, bridges, ocean cables, and various means of employing the forces of nature to do the work of man, which comprise inexhaustible themes of interest and instruction not dreamed of

by the ancients. The teachers do well to teach the boys to read the newspapers, for they contain not only the science, literature and art of the period—the daily history of the world—but they contain the best examples of written and spoken English extant.

The Coal Trust has a respite until Monday evening next, when the attack upon it will be prosecuted with vigor. The Journal's efforts to hinder the imposition of high prices upon the masses will not be relaxed.

### LESSONS FROM EGYPT.

There is more than sympathy or sentiment in the appeal from the people of the United States to their representatives that something be done by this country to bring the Cuban war to such an issue that it will be speedily decided. The subject has direct relation to the pocketbooks of the people, to every one who is a consumer of sugar. Men of wealth and working-men are thus directly interested, and the fact is brought forcibly to their attention by the news that we are now bringing sugar from Egypt, from the historic valley of the Nile, rich and picturesque no doubt, but no better adapted for producing sugar cane than the island but a few hundred miles away from us, where crops are devastated because of war.

It is indeed humiliating that great, strong Uncle Sam, depending on a neighboring island for the principal portion of the raw material from which this country's sugar is made, should have to go to far off Egypt for a supply to take the place in part of that destroyed by an insurrection not considered sufficiently formidable to be recognized as a war. It is not only humiliating, but it results in a loss of money to every consumer compelled to pay an increased price for his sugar. If nations, therefore, are moved more quickly by selfish interests than sentiment, it seems but natural that this Government should recognize the rights of Cuban rebels in order that the issues may be the more quickly determined.

If the war is allowed to continue as it is, crops may be destroyed not only this year, but in seasons to come. They are already doomed for 1896—the estimate being that of the usual supply of a million tons there will be but from 100,000 to 400,000 tons. But the crops of 1897 may be produced in safety by a free people if the United States will recognize the rights, as belligerents, of the insurgents.

The Grand Old Man of Africa says that it would not be convenient to accept Mr. Chamberlain's kind invitation to visit London just now. And he adds: "What do you mean by meddling in Transvaal matters, anyway?"

The wisdom of removing the schools from the sphere of politics is no longer questioned by anybody, but it will be well to see that in taking the education of the young out of the reach of one machine it does not fall into the control of another. Mr. Lauterbach is credited with desiring that the Cities Committee should have charge of the school legislation. That committee is supposed to obey the machine's orders without any remarks. It would be foolish to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

Many authorities consider that good ships are of more importance to the defence of this country's coasts than good fortifications. A prominent man said recently: "If we cannot have both good ships and fortifications, I prefer the ships. I believe that the great battles between this country and any which may make war upon us will be fought on the seas beyond the reach of land batteries." From present appearances we are destined to have both ships and fortifications, and abundance of each. A country is never too well provided against the surprise of foreign invasion. No nation is willing to admit that it will be invaded until the enemy is actually at the door.

It is evidently the intention of Russia to acquire seaport facilities and territory also in the Orient. The timely presence of the Russians in force at Seoul will give them practical control of affairs in Corea. The attitude of Japan in the crisis of the revolt, which forced the King and the Crown Prince to flee for safety to the Russian Embassy, is unknown, but it is not important. Japan cannot obtain a foothold in Corea again. Having settled her dispute with China, the Continental Powers will not allow her to open the question again. Hence it seems that Russia has not only obtained a seaport in China, with a controlling influence in the government because of her loan of \$30,000,000, but she is in a fair way to establish a suzerainty over Corea.

A proposition to supply London with sea water suggests that the same thing might be done in New York with greater ease than in the English city. The water is to be taken from the sea at a place near Brighton, where it is remarkably free from pollution, pumped into a reservoir holding 10,000,000 gallons, established on high ground near London, and so situated that the water will flow by gravitation to all parts of the city. It is said that watering the streets once with sea water is equal to three operations of the kind with fresh water. For flushing sewers it is far superior to ordinary water, and if distributed through the crowded quarters for sea baths would be one of the best measures for health, especially in New York, ever taken. The cost of the London project is not great, and it is said that sea water could be supplied by meter at a mere fraction of the present cost of fresh water.

## Some Things to Be in Sunday's Journal.

His name was Jones, and he belonged in Chicago. Jones and his wife had been "doing" Europe, and were about to return. It was in Paris when Mrs. Jones besought her hubby to unearth at least \$1,000 and bestow it upon her to her sole use and behoof.

"What do you want it for?" quoth Jones. Chicago men dislike to give up \$1,000, and Jones hesitated.

"To buy lace," replied Mrs. J. Then she unfolded a scheme. She would buy lace gloves and smuggle them into this land of the free, and this home of the brave. Mrs. J. was sure she could make the trip.

But Jones talked her out of it. He didn't want to part with the \$1,000, for Jones, like many Chicago men, was niggardly, and preferred to see his wife suffer to kissing his roll good-bye.

Jones explained to her that she couldn't possibly succeed. She was sure to be searched. The contraband laces would be discovered. She would be the victim of shame and loss. Jones drew a fearful picture, and quite scared his would-be smuggler of a wife to death. He saved his \$1,000, and his wife, with tears in her eyes, thanked him for his warnings.

Three weeks later, just as the Joneses were getting ready to leave the boat at New York, Jones—who was deep, crafty and far-sighted—brought him of the strong talk he had made to his wife on the certainty of her being searched by the customs folk.

"I don't do," quoth Jones to himself, "to let her go ashore without being searched. She would see at once that had she smuggled the laces as she suggested, it would have been a winner, and I'd never hear the last of it. She must be searched or I am lost."

So Jones left his wife for a moment and, going stealthily to an inspector, pointed her out.

"I don't know her name," whispered Jones, "but I know she's a smuggler. You'd better detail one of the women of your force to search her."

"Thanks," whispered the inspector, gratefully, "I'll do it."

And he did. Mrs. Jones was searched, and, to her husband's dismay, not to say disgust and astonishment, full \$2,000 worth of rich laces were found wound about her frail form.

While the Jones family came to grief in their smuggling, it doesn't follow that everybody does. There drew hundreds of thousands of dollars in diamonds and gems of all kinds smuggled into this country in a week. Buy next Sunday's Journal and read a true and detailed account of the diamond smuggling going on between Europe and America.

As children we all read with gasping interest how the cliff-climbing natives of Britain's northern shores swarm up the faces of steep promontories, or, taking their lives in their hands, descend from dizzy heights to steal the eggs of ducks and geese and other fowl who in the paucity of their intelligence there make their nests. Get Sunday's Journal and read about a deed of daring of similar kind which the other day was performed right here in New York. The hero wasn't climbing for eggs of dubious age and freshness, but the feat he performed in his reckless makes the egg expeditions just quipped seem tame and of a piece dear to the New Yorker.

It is a quiet, painstaking town, where New Yorkers—not wanting to be disturbed—go often to think. It is a great place for men who, dodging a busy world's ignoble strife, are looking for some silent haunt where they may peacefully cogitate and plan.

But in its simple, homespun way, all gently pastoral though it be, Brooklyn in many matters is the Athens of New York. It is credited with its attention to comfort and to getting the worth of its money. It has luxuries New Yorkers never know.

In instance: While New Yorkers either bitterly walk or ride to a theatre in a hard, unsatisfactory car, the Brooklynite has a special theatre trolley car invented for him, which in its luxury presents, as it were, a cross between a Pullman parlor car and a comfortable home. Read Sunday's Journal on which this the Brooklyn street car companies devote to their theatre going patrons in Sunday's Journal.

"Thrill, Horatio, thrill!" The smallest bank in the world, where those sparrow hawks of commerce, the newshaws, live their winnings to draw thereon some 6 per cent a month, is told in to-morrow's paper. It is run more as an object lesson in prudence and to lead the boys to saving ways than as a financial institution intended to make money for its owners or itself. Read of the smallest money exchange yet listed in Sunday's Journal.

Shakespeare never made a better character than the smallest of these dramatics, and it is a great pity the Stratford drama writers didn't give his man of the dead more to do and say.

Greenwood Cemetery has, however, a tomb building philosopher, full of gressome epigrams and the wisdom of the sepulchre. You can read of him and listen to what he says in to-morrow's Journal.

And now they have seized on the X ray and put it to divers new and startling uses. A full setting-forth of the advancement of this discovery will be found in an article in the Journal to-morrow.

Among other matters of consuming interest to be explored in to-morrow's Journal is the smallest baby, the longest mustache and the biggest mouth in America. The baby is so small that it takes its bath in a dipper, while its whole fist can be successfully covered by its mother's thumb; the mustache is so large that it has become its owner's chief purpose in life, while the mouth referred to, when set ajar, has all of the effect in the landscape which belongs to the entrance of a railway tunnel. Read of these wonders in to-morrow's Journal. Read, think and be filled.

### A Good Spotter.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A New York detective who was at a large gathering in the city last night, and who saw a well-known pickpocket in the crowd. It does not appear that he arrested any of them, but his skill in spotting them was much admired.

### Out of Politics.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The meaning of it is that the battle of Tippecanoe has been taken permanently out of politics.

### A Delegate-at-Large.

[Hartford Times.]

It is a "silly" idea to send Ben Harrison as a delegate at large, and an Allion man, to the St. Louis convention, in the hope of "stumping" the convention, to Harrison himself. John C. New does hate to give up the thought of that fat London Consul general again.

### Seeking Quiet.

[Washington Star.]

Philadelphia, Pa., the station of the applicant who assert that the Quaker City is the quietest place in the world to the fact that Mr. Wagonmaster has gone to the Holy Land for repose.

### THE PALISADES.

(An Appeal to Governor Morton.)

"Hands off! Hands off!" Ah! louder grows the cry—

The people's cry—to save the Palisades. God in his wisdom reared those columns there: Shook off an iron chain, and then under them And break and crush them into paving stones! Ah! brothers, in Nature's love forever!

Behold the frowning ledge! It forms the left Of a great frame. The top is bluest sky; The bottom, river; and the right hand side, The opposite shore. In this behalf enframed A national etching known to all the world. There at the left is picturesque Tappan, Where Andre died. Still stands the small stone house

Where Washington and Lafayette looked forth At the procession winding slowly up The opposite hill—where now a monument Of granite may be seen for miles around.

Off to the right, across the Tappan Zee, Lie Sleepy Hollow, quaint and picturesque. This portion of the picture is Irving's work.

One sees the Headless Horseman at the bridge; And Lank Schoolmaster Crane, in headlong flight, The old Van Tassel farm. The Andre tree, Where Paulding, Williams and Van Wirt played cards

That memorable day, a century back, When Andre would have passed from West Point down.

And further up the Catskills come to view, Forever at their mention the same breath Shall frame the names of Jefferson and Hip, And poor dog Schneider, and the little folks Who dwell in Laughing Water. At the sound Of distant thunder ever, 'twill be said: "The crumple upon the mountain play at bowls."

Ah! 'tis a wondrous etching, deftly wrought In legends rich, and many a legend—West Point, Ticonderoga and Crown Point—From either pregnant name springs legend up, And thoughts of doughty deeds. While underneath,

Like renaissance with an artist's signature, Stands Liberty enlightening the world.

Will two great States stand idly by and see The nation's fair edge chipped, broken and despoiled,

And trodden under foot—for paving stones?

Doest thou not see, Oh, men, the mighty strength That lies in those rough battlemented heights? If fall they must, then let it be by shot And shell from some fierce fleet for action cleared,

Disputing passage to our West Point guns, Marrying their grandeur would but be increased.

And if, in some great cause, along the ledge Deep-voiced artillery roar war's debate, And patriot blood be shed, what nobler grave Wherein to lay the heroes that at battle Of these grand monuments, 'neath epitaphs By cannon shot and shell deeply encheiased?

Ah! in such combat how each heart would thrill At sight of Fame's great immortality, At sight of that great hero's tomb beyond. For some heroic purpose such as this God made the Palisades.

What! thou dost smile? Art thou so sluggish grown

That at the thought thy pulses do not throb? Go, then, at sunset to the Palisades! Behold the glorious color of the clouds, Look down upon the pigmy craft beneath, Full schooner-rigged, that makes the further shore.

Behold Grant's granite tomb that lends the van Of architecture's never wearying march Along the eastern bank; and then look down Upon the virgin forest at thy feet, And see the forest of deep, and sudden hear The deafening roar of deep artillery; And if thou feel'st as 'thou shalt of great desire For deathless deeds, and honor, and renown—Thou art not patriot born! And if thy soul Doest cry out against the wantonness Of such a cruel shatter of the virgin rock, Write not some word of protest, or command, Or cry art not poet born! And if thy voice Cry aloud to save the Palisades, Thou art not orator nor statesman born!

HOWARD CLINTON DICKINSON.  
New York, Feb. 13.

### Government by Commission.

[From the Brooklyn Times, February 14.] "In truth," says the New York Journal to-day, "without the destiny of the Brooklynites we had all been caught in a trap." It is creditable to the sagacity of the Journal that it has discovered the extent of the danger which these cities are menaced, and that it discerns the only way in which that danger can be ward-off.

The danger to which these cities is exposed is a shadowy greater New York, the control of municipal departments may be handed over to irresponsible commissioners, named at Albany without the sanction of the people, and jurisdiction. It was not because Senator Lexow failed to comprehend the vital importance of question of equal taxation that he warned that the city would be so badly off as a question of no other place, and that it would be a great realized that the consideration of such problems should be left to the people, and not to the hands of the commission.

Every citizen, no matter what his views may be on the question of the conditions of consolidation, should fight this mischievous scheme to the bitter end. It is a political partisan job from beginning to end, and would the Lexow bill be enacted, the consolidationists would and themselves as badly fooled as the Loyal Citizens.

### A Commission.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

It is proposed in New York to create a commission of experts which shall act in all cases relating to the city, and which shall have no voice in the making of laws, but only in the presentation of a report and the making of a recommendation.

## More or Less in the Public Eye.

Rome was born on February 20, and it pleased him to have his birthday celebrated every year. In his old age he used to say that he was twenty. This year, as usual every four years, the composer's native town, Pesaro, will celebrate the event, and as Mascagni will prepare a programme it is likely to be most interesting.

The Pope's favorite poets are Virgil and Dante. He knows a great part of both by heart, and, according to Mr. Crawford, takes pleasure in quoting them. When Father Michael, the Apostolic Prefect to Prithiva, was taking his leave with the other Franciscans who accompanied him to Africa, His Holiness recited to them with great spirit Dante's canto upon St. Francis. Leo himself recited verses from the same canto, and talked with men of letters as well as to read their works. The Pope also reads the newspapers, and is at least being marked for him, as is done for Queen Victoria.

Virginia S. Washington and Mary L. Washington, of Portsmouth, Ohio, representing themselves as descendants of George Washington, have written to the Secretary of the Interior offering to sell the Government a number of relics of Washington. These are a sword, a wig, a pair of Jefferson by Washington and later returned to the latter's heirs. The heirs call attention to the presentation of a sword and wig to Congress about 1870, for which the latter body sent a letter of disapproval. The sword and wig were sold to the Government for \$100,000.

Little Julian Belliveau, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Belliveau, of Atlanta, is a much-loved lad, and the two parents have just ended a long quarrel over the possession of him, the result of which is a union of the two families. During the year 1894 the wife is to have the child; in 1897 the husband is to take possession, and the daughter will spend a year with mother and father until he shall have reached the age of twelve, when he shall decide for himself with whom he shall have his permanent residence.

## An Important Discussion at the Tea Cup Club.

The president of the Tea Cup Club was evidently excited as she called the meeting to order. "I am just as angry as I can be," she said. What do you think I found in my mail to-day? A letter from a man who is old enough to know better, suggesting a topic for discussion by this club. That topic was, 'The Best Method of Keeping the Hat on Straight.'"

"You don't say so!" said the girl with the Roman nose. "Well, it only shows that our moral advancement has made him uneasy."

"Of course," said the president. "Then, as if that was not enough, he suggests a small mirror fastened to the inside of an umbrella or parasol as"—

"Tshaw!" said the brown-eyed blonde, "a highly polished silver handle answers the same purpose and attracts less attention."

"Talk about hats," said the girl with the classic profile, "men are just as fussy about their own. Did you ever see anybody put on a man's hat to suit him?"

"Never," said the president. "I had an awful time when Harry's arm was broken. I would put his hat on his head as carefully as I could—he always would tip it too far back himself—and yet, each time he would remove it, look suspiciously into the crown and put it on again himself."

"As if it makes any difference how a man looks, anyhow," said the girl with the eye-glasses. "So long as they are nice and generous, no girl cares!"

"Very true," broke in the girl with the dimple in her chin, "and it is frequently the pocket of a last year's overcoat which harbors the largest box of candy."

"I should like to know how a man manages to keep his hat on without veil or pins," said the girl with the Roman nose.

"He doesn't always in a high wind," said the girl with the classic profile.

"And yet he always wonders why a woman holds her hat on when she is driving," remarked the girl with the dimple in her chin.

"You know what a fuss men always make about big theatre hats," said the president. "Well, thinking to please Tom, I got a tiny bonnet, which was so becoming that it attracted as much attention as a regular mountain of feathers and velvet."

"And wasn't he pleased?" asked the girl with the eye-glasses.

"Not when the bill came in and he found that it cost rather more than a large hat. I said that he ought to be content to pay for the principle of a thing. He replied that it looked as if the interest was about all he could afford. I suppose he thought that was sarcastic."

"Men have such queer ideas of humor, anyhow," said the girl with the dimple in her chin; "why, I knew a man who laughed heartily at a joke on himself."

"Perhaps he owed money to the man who made it, or wanted his vote for something," said the girl with the classic profile.

"Well, I'd like to know who first invented hatpins," said the brown-eyed blonde. "I am sure it was not a woman, because"—

"It was a man, and he was either an old bachelor or a bigamist," said the girl with the Roman nose. "I had two pins running straight into my scalp all during service on Sunday. Dick was with me, too, and it was so hard to look salutely, when!"

"Men always ask why we don't tie our hats on with pins, complain of pins," said the girl with the dimple in her chin. "Wouldn't we look nice with our hair tied up like those of a small boy with the toothache?"

"To say nothing of having our hearing so impaired that we couldn't be sure whether compliments whispered into our ears were intended for us or were merely remarks made about other girls," said the brown-eyed blonde.

"Well, girls," said the president, "it is time to adjourn now, and I'm just going home to write that horrid man a letter telling him that the Tea Cup Club has a better serious topics to discuss to waste time upon any relating to millinery."

### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

#### Different Views of Spanish Warfare.

Dear Sir:—When the Spaniards were imprisoning and murdering Cubans indiscriminately they were carrying on war as "an orderly business." But now that the Cubans retaliate and burn the Spaniards' houses, the Spaniards are carrying on war as "a business of disorder." It is not surprising that they are branded at once as "an undisciplined army of irresponsible disorder," not better than "Anarchists," and with "no knowledge of the honor of arms." Truly, this cry of "Wolf!" would be laughable were it not for the fact that it does from the Captain-General of all the Spanish armies in Cuba. My simplicity I had thought hitherto that if any one had a right to complain it was the victim and not the persecutor. Sabas Marin has reversed all these notions, and behold the poor Spaniards are the